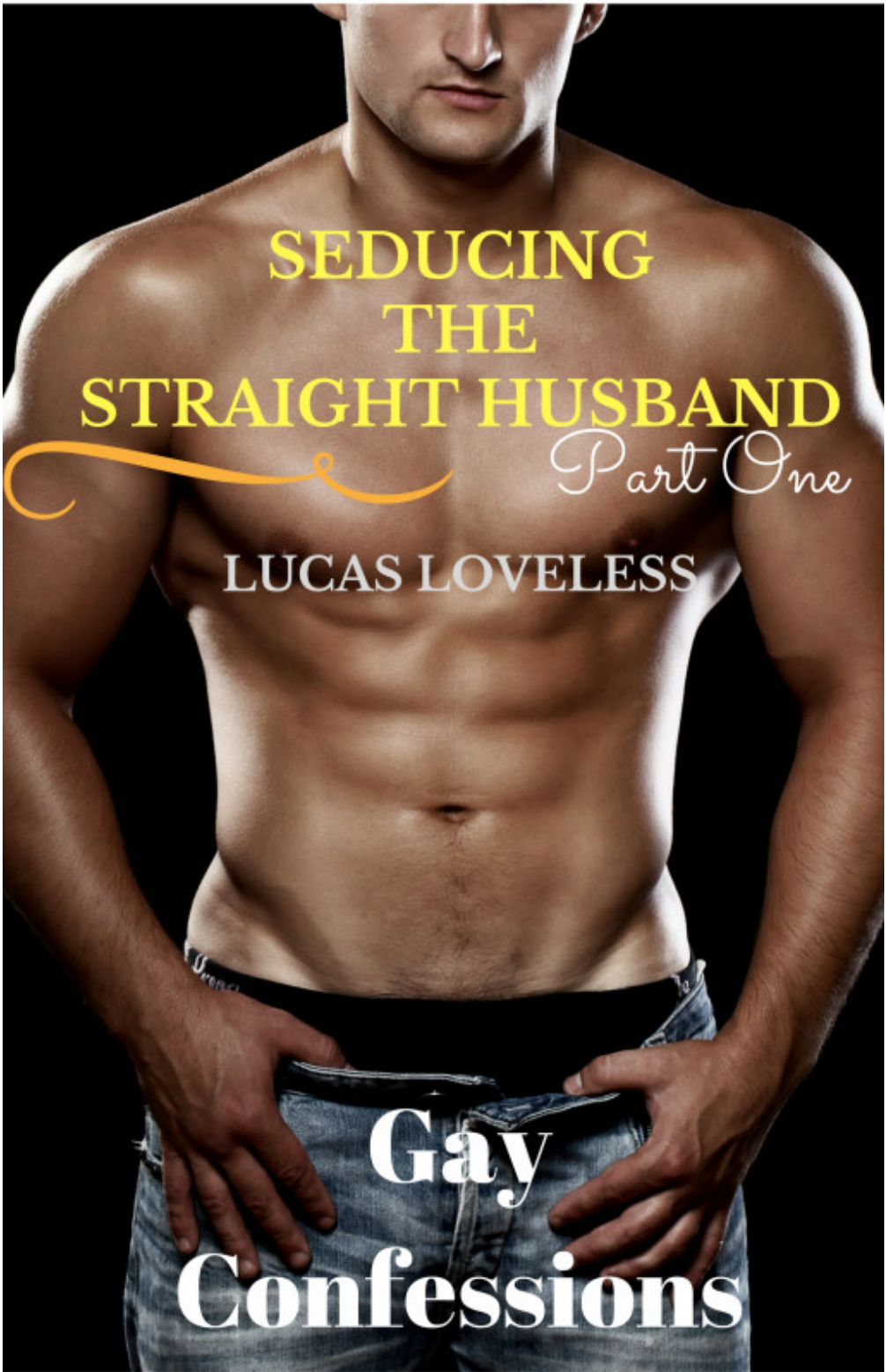
SEDUCING
THE
STRAIGHT HUSBAND
Part One
LUCAS LOVELESS
Gay
Confessions

There was something about him.

Travis sat on the couch in front of me in my office. And there was just something different about him, different than any other man I'd helped.

"It's just, well.." he said nervously. He leaned on his knees with his hands together.

I bit on the edge of my pen, staring at him and studying him. I'd never seen a man so beautiful. "It's okay, Travis. This is a safe space. You can tell me."

And finally, after an hour of trying to get this frustrated, straight husband to open up, he told me what was wrong.

And I knew exactly what he needed.

ONE

Friday…

I stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom across the hall from my office. I felt ready, nervous but ready. I was a therapist and a damn good one because I was willing to do what it takes to help my patients.

I was young and hungry for success.

My patients were men, and I specialized in a secret practice, helping them find some release.

Sexual release.

I was the best at what I did. And I always played safe and kept the control in my hands. They came to my office, I serviced them, and then I sent them on their way.

And so I stood in front of the mirror, ready to take another one.

But I felt different this time. There was something about the man that was coming in to see me. I felt different about him, attracted to him in a way I'd never felt.

But I buried those emotions to keep it professional.

I took a deep breath and went to my office to get ready for him.

***

Travis Clark walked into my office for the second time that week. It was a Friday and most everyone else in the office had gone home.

Travis Clark was built. I mean muscular as hell! The guy worked out as often as he could, and for a reason that we uncovered earlier in the week during his first session: he wasn't getting enough sex.

Sure, the guy had sex almost every night, but he felt like it was a one-two-step performance. He got her off, he finished, and that was it.

Travis was missing more from his sex life. He needed something different.

And so he and his wife had come into my office on Monday. They said they felt empty with one another. I talked to Travis alone while my partner Lisa talked to his wife. And everyone agreed to come back separately.

On Friday, Travis Clark walked into my office dressed in jeans and a plain shirt. "Hey, Doc. Am I too early?"

I checked the time. I smiled at him. "No, this is perfect. I was just getting ready for you."

"What is all this?" He looked around the room in confusion.

I'd moved the couch and desk aside. I sat a comfortable leather chair in the center of the room.

"This, my friend," I said as I put my hand on his shoulder. "Is how we are going to help you out."

"Okay..."

"Don't worry, buddy," I said calmly. "You'll love this."

I squeezed his bulging shoulder and directed him towards the chair. "Please go ahead and have a seat."

He sat down in the chair. I could tell by his expression that he was still confused, and a little nervous.

I stood in front of him. "Just relax, Travis. I'm not going to hurt you."

He laughed a little. "I know you won't."

I walked to my desk and took a blue blindfold from the drawer. I brought it to him and handed it to him. "Here, put this on."

He looked at it and back at me. "A blindfold? For what?"

I smiled. "Just trust me." I walked around behind the chair and started rubbing his tense, muscular shoulders. "Put it on, Travis."

He hesitantly put on the blindfold. He breathed short, fast breaths. His hands gripped the arms of the leather chair tightly. He was nervous, but he was also intrigued.

I left him for a moment and went to the light switch near my door. I dimmed the lights and made sure the door was locked.

Then I went back to him.

I stood behind the chair and rubbed his shoulders.

"That feels good," he said. "You have good hands."

I smiled. "Just wait, buddy. It's going to get better."

I rubbed his shoulders. I rubbed his neck.

In a minute he was more relaxed. He wasn't gripping the arms of the chair tightly. His body was relaxed, and he breathed easy and deep.

"I think I understand why you're so frustrated with sex, Travis."

"You do?"

I rubbed his arms. I leaned over the chair and rubbed his forearms. Then my hands went back to his shoulders and neck. "Yes I do. In all the times you've made love to your wife, you've never truly been serviced yourself."

He laughed softly again. "Oh yeah, and are you going to service me?"

I leaned over the chair. I reached in between his legs and gently squeezed his crotch. I whispered right into his ear, "That's exactly what I'm going to do."

He took in a deep, quick breath. "Fuck."

As I rubbed his crotch, I could feel his manhood starting to harden.

"Doc, you can't tell anyone about this," he said.

"Don't worry, man. This is just between us."

He started breathing heavier as my hands went from his shoulders to his arms and back to his crotch. I massaged whatever I could reach.

In no time, he felt hard as a rock inside his jeans.

My eyes caught him as he licked his lips. His head leaned back and he sighed with pleasure.

Straight men hardly ever know this kind of sensation, and I loved giving it to him.

"We need to get your clothes off," I told him.

He leaned forward, and he was about to start doing it himself.

But I pulled him back into the seat. "No, Travis. Let me do it for you." As I walked around the chair I spoke. "This is all about your pleasure, man. Let me take care of everything for you."

I slipped off my suit jacket and slung it over the desk. I loosened my tie, and then I knelt down in front of him.

I ran my hands up and down his thighs. They were muscular and hard. I squeezed and massaged them while he moaned under his breath.

Being right in front of him, I had a perfect view of the bulge in between his legs. His cock was begging to be let loose from those jeans.

I slipped off his shoes and socks. I took a few moments to rub his feet.

I ran my hands back up his legs until I got to the button and zipper of his jeans.

"Fuck," he moaned.

I undid the button. I pulled down his zipper slowly, and then he raised his hips for me to slide off his pants.

I slung them over the desk like my suit jacket.

I walked back around the chair behind him and pulled on his shirt.

He leaned forward.

I slipped his shirt off over his head.

"Doc, you should know I'm really fucking hard right now. Sorry, it's kind of embarrassing."

I laughed. I ran my hands over his bare chest and felt the goosebumps on his skin. "That's good, Travis. I want you to be hard. This is about your pleasure."

He went to grab his cock, but I brushed his hand away.

"No hands, buddy," I told him. "Let me do everything for you."

His chest rose and fell with heavy breaths. "Fuck, man. I'm so turned on. I need to touch myself."

I grinned with satisfaction. "Not yet, buddy. I'll take care of you, I promise."

He stayed as still as he could.

I could see his cock twitching and flexing against the sheer fabric of his boxers.

I rubbed his chest, and then I ran my hand over his toned, flat stomach.

His whole body tingled.

As my fingers met the trail of hair just beneath his belly button, I started biting and licking his ear.

"Fuck," he moaned again.

My fingers grazed along this trail of hair, and then they wandered lower to the top of his trimmed pubic hair that stuck out just beyond the waistline of his thin boxers.

With one hand I gently pinched his erect nipple, and with the other I groped his rock hard cock through the outside of his boxers. I could feel him

throb in my hand.

"Oh my God," he moaned louder. He licked his lips. He breathed harder. Faster. He started gripping the arms of the chair tight again, only this time out of arousal.

"How does this feel?" I whispered.

He smiled, and he answered in between his quick breaths. "Feels good, Doc."

I rubbed his chest, his nipples, his shoulders and his stomach.

"Can I take the blindfold off?" he asked.

"No sir," I answered. "Not yet. You will later."

He licked his lips. "I can't wait."

"I'll be right back."

I went to my desk and brought out my next surprise for him, warm body oil.

"You're going to feel something wet," I told him.

He laughed. "What is it, Doc? You have a pussy for me?"

I smiled. "You'll see."

I drizzled the oil over his torso and rubbed it into his skin.

He moaned and sighed with pleasure.

Now that my hands were wet and warm, they felt ten times better on his shining, sleek body.

Finally, I was ready to take my exploration of his body to the next level.

I stood behind him, leaned over that leather chair, and I held onto his chest with one hand. With my other hand, I reached under the waistband of his boxers and gripped his shaft.

"Fuck," he moaned loud.

His cock was hard and aimed to his left. I rubbed it, felt it pulse with excitement. I reached lower and massaged his balls with a gentle motion. I reached lower and rubbed my fingertips against his swollen taint.

"Holy fuck, Doc, that's good!"

I was rock hard myself as I felt the fine hairs and smooth skin of his manhood parts. My mind started to wander. What did his balls taste like? His ass? His cock? I could hardly contain myself, but I knew I had to if I wanted to get him off the right way.

I walked around and knelt in front of him.

I slipped my fingertips under the waist band of his boxers. "Time to get completely naked, buddy."

He sighed with pleasure. "Fuck yeah, Doc. I've been waiting."

He lifted his hips and I slid off his boxers.

His big, beautiful dick sprang out. His balls were already raised towards his body. I could see his taint under them, swollen and prominent. His cock danced and flexed, pointed upward like it was screaming for attention.

Travis breathed short and fast.

"Take a few deep breaths, buddy," I told him.

He took some slow, deep breaths.

I rubbed my hands on his hairy, muscular thighs. "Try to stay relaxed. You don't want to come too quickly."

He grinned. "I don't know, Doc. The way you're treating me, I already feel like I won't last much longer."

"Trust me, you will."

I ran the tips of my fingers up his thighs and around the lower part of his stomach.

Travis's body was tingling. Goosebumps rose on his skin. I knew he'd never been treated so well as this, at least not from his wife.

"Doc," he said, "just touch my cock already. I need it."

"Relax, Travis," I told him once again. "We have all evening. There's no need to rush."

He took a deep breath and did his best to stay calm.

I know it was hard for him. I mean that in a literal sense, and I also mean that it was hard for him to hold back. The poor guy hadn't had any release in a long time, not any real release anyway.

When I figured he'd suffered enough teasing, I finally gave his prick the

attention he'd been waiting for.

But I didn't use my hands.

"Scoot forward, Travis."

I held his thighs as he moved his hips down towards the edge of the seat.

He licked his lips.

I could tell he was dying to take off the blindfold. He wanted so badly to see what I was going to do to him.

But I wouldn't let him.

He moved down to the edge of the chair. His cock swayed with his movements. Right in front of my face like a carrot being dangled before a mule.

My mouth was drooling.

I licked my lips, steadied myself as to not go crazy on his perfect body. Then I went to work.

I kissed his left knee first. It was a gentle peck just on the cap.

Travis breathed deep and slow.

Then I parted his legs, and I massaged his thighs while I held them.

Travis breathed a little shallower. "You're making it real fucking hard to relax, Doc."

I smiled. "Just keep breathing, slow and deep."

I kissed his thigh.

His cock twitched.

My mouth ventured closer.

I kissed his upper thigh, getting so fucking close to his cock that I could smell his musky scent from it. It was intoxicating. I could've gotten high from it.

"Fuck," he sighed. His fingers dug into the leather of the chair. He was so tense with arousal that it must've made his body ache.

I could feel my own cock press against the zipper of my pants. I was dripping with precome as I let my lips and tongue wander up the rest of his

leg and towards his beautiful manhood.

Travis took in a deep breath. His nipples were hard like his prick. His balls raised a little. They were round and full, ready to burst.

And then finally, when neither of us could stand it, I put my lips on the bottom of his thick shaft.

"Fuck," he sighed. "Fuck, Doc. Yes."

I kissed his cock. I kissed it twice. Soft and subtle, teasing him.

I kissed his balls.

"Doc, suck me," he begged. "Suck my cock."

I rubbed his thighs. "Relax, Travis. Just relax."

With the tip of my tongue I licked up the underside of his shaft. His cock twitched and pulsed. It tasted clean, and it smelt like a man. Like a giant, alpha man, and that's what Travis was.

My body tingled with desire for him.

My asshole puckered when I thought about what I was going to let him do to me before he left this office.

Just when he seemed like he couldn't stand waiting any longer, I gave him a taste of what was to come.

I opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around the head of his cock.

"Fuck yes!" he groaned. His voice was deep and rough. Rugged and masculine. "Come on, doc. Suck me."

I kept my lips just around the head of his aching, throbbing prick. I could already taste a string of precome oozing out of him. I savored the flavor on my tongue, sucking and swallowing it.

As my lips stayed wrapped around his shaft, I danced the tip of my tongue around the head of his cock. I flicked it and toyed with it.

He raised his hips. He wanted more of cock in my wet., warm mouth.

But I pressed his thighs down and kept him in his seat.

I released his cock from my lips. "Stay down, boy. I'll take care of you, I promise."

He went to take off the blindfold.

I grabbed his hand. "No, Travis. Not yet."

He groaned. "Doc, you've got me so fucking horny. I can't take this."

I rubbed his legs. "Yes you can, Travis. Remember, deep breaths. Take deep breaths. I'll take care of you, I promise."

He took deep breaths.

I waited.

It wasn't easy to sit there and wait for him to calm down. My body wanted his so badly my own cock felt ready to burst. I wanted to fuck him hard and long. I wanted to blow his mind in a way that no other person had in his life. I wanted to be the best release he'd ever had.

He calmed down enough.

A drop of precome drizzled down his shaft and gleamed in the dim light of my office.

I went back to work on him.

I kept my hands on his legs, fighting my temptation to put them on the rest of his body.

I put my lips and tongue back on the bottom of his shaft.

As my mouth teased him further, Travis took in a few deep breaths to keep himself from losing control. His fingers dug into the arms of the chair. I could hear them crinkle the leather.

I licked up to the head of his cock again.

I stared up at his face.

His lips were open and his nostrils flared. His head leaned back. He was ready.

I parted my lips and slid his cock in between them. This time, I went down halfway on his shaft. I had to stretch my mouth open so far that it hurt my jaw a little. His cock was that thick. It was all I could do not to let my teeth graze against his skin.

"Holy fuck," he sighed. He started breathing shorter, faster.

I needed to remind him to relax again, but his cock felt so good in my mouth that I bobbed up and down a few times first.

I kept my lips loose around his shaft. I kept my tongue flat under him. I

kept it wet and warm for him.

"Oh my God, Doc. Your mouth feels so hot!"

I released his cock and took a moment to catch my breath. A string of drool and precome stretched from the edge of my lips to the head of his cock.

"Fuck," I whispered.

Travis looked fucking hot as hell, sitting blindfolded and waiting, aching for more attention.

"Remember, Travis. Stay relaxed. I don't want you to finish yet."

He took a deep breath. "Right, Doc. Sorry. You're just getting me so fucking close."

I smiled with satisfaction.

I leaned forward, back to in between his legs. I wrapped my lips around his cock and went down.

"Fuck," he moaned.

I felt his thick, throbbing manhood slide over my tongue.

I went lower.

I took his cock all the way until it barely touched the back of my throat. My jaw was opened wide and aching. Drool spilled over his shaft.

I held my breath and bobbed slightly on his cock, letting him poke the back of my throat.

"Oh my God," he groaned. "Holy shit, Doc."

I lifted my head, sucking on his pecker as I rose up.

I could taste his precome. By now it was pouring out of his cock. My mouth felt drowned in it, and I fucking loved it.

My lips rested on the head of his cock. I flicked it with my tongue.

Travis started wiggling the seat. His cock throbbed, and his balls were tight and getting ready to finish.

I lowered my mouth back on his shaft.

He groaned loud. "Fuck, Doc!"

I thought to myself how grateful I was that there was no one else in the office. I hadn't expected Travis to be so loud. But he hadn't felt this good in a long time, maybe even in his entire life. Most men never experience a fantastic blowjob, not like what I was giving to this god of a man who sat before me.

I sucked on his cock for a good minute, slow and gentle. I was careful not to get too aggressive with it because he might come any moment.

I kept him on the edge of orgasm, squirming and breathing heavy.

By then, his cock was throbbing and dripping from my drool and his precome. It was the best mixture I'd ever tasted.

I leaned back and caught my breath. My eyes were watered. I'd taken his huge cock to the back of my throat so much I'd started crying.

"Oh my God, doc," he moaned. He writhed on the seat. "Please keep going. Please!"

"Easy now, Travis. We'll get there."

He whimpered. "You're so fucking mean!"

I laughed. "Don't worry, buddy. You'll get to come soon."

"I want to come now!" he begged.

"Just wait."

THREE

I massaged his thighs. I ran my hands up his stomach and stroked his pecs. I pinched his nipples and kissed his legs again.

I pushed his legs a little further apart and leaned forward. I used the tip of my tongue and barely licked around his balls.

He sighed in pleasure.

That small touch of my tongue to his sack, that small sensation was enough to send a wave of pleasure through his whole body. I know because I saw him arch his back. I saw the goosebumps rise on his skin. I saw him bite his lip and quiver.

My tongue ventured around his sack, and then I flattened it and licked him. I parted my lips and gently sucked on his balls, careful not to hurt him.

"Fuck," he whimpered.

"Has anyone ever done this for you?" I asked. "Sucked on your balls?"

He shook his head. "No sir."

I kissed and sucked on his right nut. "Does it feel good?"

He breathed heavy and quick. He nodded and answered, "Fuck yes, sir."

I used my mouth on his sack while wrapping my warm palm around his shaft. His cock was still soaked and throbbing.

He sighed and breathed heavy while I stroked and licked him.

I could feel, with my tongue, his balls rising towards his body, hot and warm and full of come.

I leaned back up, opened my mouth and slid his rod to my wet throat a few more times. My fingers were sticky and wet with strings of his hot precome.

It was time to take him to the next level. And I also needed to start warming myself up for what was to come.

I slid his cock to the very back of my throat, and then I pushed myself further. I relaxed my throat and let his cock shove far down into it.

I couldn't breathe. His dick blocked my airway, and I was glad to choke

on it. I slurped and deep throated him for a few seconds, taking pleasure in feeling his whole body squirm. He moaned out in pleasure.

"Holy fuck!" he exclaimed. "God damn it, Doc!"

I let him go and leaned back. My eyes watered. Drool and precome stretched from my lips to his cock. It was fucking beautiful.

It took me half a minute to catch my breath.

"Holy shit, Doc!" he sighed. "You're fucking amazing!"

I stroked his soaked cock in my palm. My fingers could barely wrap around it. It was thick and manly. He was masculine and alpha I wanted him to throw me down and fuck my brains out.

But I held myself back. It hurt to do it, but I held myself back.

It felt hot in my office. I undid some more buttons of my shirt and rolled up my sleeves. I could feel the tiny beads of sweat on my skin.

I could see the tiny beads of hot sweat on Travis's skin.

I took his cock back into my throat like a hungry animal. I pushed myself down until I felt it stretch into my throat. I held my breath. I fought my urge to lift off.

Travis moaned loud. He put his hand on the back of my head and raked his fingers through my hair. "Oh my fucking God, Doc!"

A few seconds later I lifted off and heaved for air.

Travis's back was arched. His face was scrunched into an expression of pure pleasure.

I looked at his cock. It throbbed and danced, twitching and shaking.

"Damn it, Travis," I said. "Your cock is huge."

I wrapped my palm back around his shaft and stroked him from the bottom of that pole to the head. Back and forth, up and down. It was slippery and shiny.

"Doc, please," he pleaded. "Please just let me shoot a load. I need to come so bad."

I stroked him harder. My hand moved faster.

His body started to tremble. He lifted his hips off the seat. "Yes, oh fuck yes!"

His balls tightened.

I could feel his cock throbbing in my hands.

He was so close to coming it must've hurt him.

But I knew better.

"Fuck," he moaned. He was ready to blow.

And so I stopped.

I took my hands away and left everything of his completely alone.

He whimpered and whined. He went to touch his cock and I stopped him.

"Please, Doc, please!" he begged. "You fucking bastard, just let me come."

I was panting with exhilaration. I have to admit, having this much control over a man as hot as Travis, it was like taking a drug.

"Not yet," I told him.

He whined and groaned. "Why not? I have to come so fucking bad!"

"You will, Travis. I promise you will. Trust me, the longer this takes the better it will feel. You'll see. Trust me."

He took a few deep breaths. His nostrils flared. His chest was red from the excitement. "Okay, Doc. I'll try and do what you want."

I stood up and wiped the slobber from my mouth. "Travis, there's a way I can bring you down so you're not so close to coming. But I don't know how you'll feel about it."

He breathed heavy. "Just do whatever you gotta do, Doc. I feel ready to explode."

I unbuttoned the rest of my shirt and slipped it off. I tossed it onto the desk. I wiped some sweat from my skin.

Travis waited patiently, still shaking with excitement and arousal. He sat there in front of me, eagerly waiting for my next move.

I leaned onto the chair. I leaned over him.

"Doc?" he asked. "What are you doing?"

"Just stay still," I whispered.

I didn't know exactly what'd come over me. It's not like Travis was the first man I'd ever serviced. But there was something about him. There was something about him that made my heart beat out of my chest. He made me nervous. I couldn't believe it. I thought I was indestructible, but this guy had me feeling nervous as I got closer to him.

My hands shook and my palms were sweaty.

I stared at his lips, those sweet, full lips surrounded by his five o'clock shadow. They were pink and soft.

I dared to move closer.

Straight men never felt romantic, and they hardly tolerated being kissed.

But I wanted this with Travis.

I didn't care that he might push me back.

I had to feel those lips against mine.

I was too close now to turn away.

"Doc?" he asked again.

I was so close I felt his breath on my lips. I tilted my head to the side, closed my eyes, and went for it.

I placed my lips gently onto his, soft and slow.

He took in a deep breath. He was surprised. I imagine he'd never been kissed by another man, not like this.

I kept my lips on his for a few moments, careful not to go too fast.

He didn't move his hands. He didn't move his body. He didn't move. He was too surprised.

I took my lips from his. "Is that the first time a man's ever kissed you?"

He let out a deep breath. He nodded. "Yes, sir."

I smiled. I couldn't stop the delight I felt within me.

Travis looked so gorgeous. His cheeks were red in this excitement and embarrassment. There was a hint of a smile on his lips. He liked it. I couldn't believe it. He'd actually liked the kiss.

"Do you want it again?" I asked.

He hesitated.

He licked his lips.

He nodded. "Yes."

I leaned back over the chair. I tilted my head and brought my lips to his. The feel of his lips. The taste of them. It was all consuming for me. Like the beginning of a slow burn.

For the first time in years, I stopped thinking about my ex. I stopped thinking about everything wrong in my life.

There was only here and now with this man, Travis. This straight husband I was seducing... or was he seducing me. I wasn't sure I could tell anymore.

His lips parted for me, like he was inviting me to explore him further.

I took the cue.

I slid my tongue slowly in between his lips and found his tongue. They danced along one another.

I sucked in his bottom lip and gently bit it.

When I pulled away again, he leaned forward. It was his body telling me he wanted more.

He leaned back in the seat and sighed. "Fuck, Doc."

I smiled. "You okay?"

He laughed a little. Then he spoke softly. "I'm fucking great, man."

If he were another man I would've made him keep the blindfold on, but he was special. I wanted him to see me. I wanted him to see what we were doing.

I reached out and took the blindfold into my fingers.

He tilted his head and made it easy for me to slip it off of him.

His eyes opened. They were gorgeous, hazel and shimmering in the glow of the dim office light.

He looked up at me with a curious excitement, still nervous but eager and waiting for my next move. I'd never seen that look in a man before, not a

straight one anyway.

"Didn't realize it was so dark in here," he said. His eyes didn't break our gaze on one another.

I smiled. I leaned back over the chair. "Would you like to continue, Travis?"

He grinned. "My cock has your answer, Doc."

I looked him on the eyes while my hand, shaking with nervous excitement, went back to his rock hard manhood that still pointed up at the ceiling.

My fingers wrapped around the head of his cock, gentle and slight. I ran my fingertips down his shaft until I felt his balls against my palm.

He kept his eyes on mine. His mouth opened and he moaned a little under his heavy breath.

I closed my eyes and went in for a kiss.

He closed his eyes and met me halfway.

Our lips landed on one another. They pressed harder against one another.

I felt his hands grab onto my sides. He even tugged at my undershirt to pull me closer to him.

My fingers grazed his cock, up and down. Then I gripped it and stroked him. Wet and slick and throbbing.

"Holy fuck, Doc," he sighed with his eyes still closed.

I could feel his breath on my lips as he spoke.

"I think," he said, "I think I want to fuck you."

I opened my eyes and smiled. "Not yet, Travis."

I knelt back down in between his legs and took his cock back into my mouth. He seemed even harder now. Rock hard and twitching.

"Yeah," he moaned. "Yeah just like that."

With one hand I stroked his shaft while sucking his cock, and with the other hand I massaged his sack.

A few seconds later my hand went lower than his balls. I felt his swollen

taint, and I dared to venture even closer to his ass.

His back arched and he started breathing faster. He didn't say a word. He didn't have to because his body did the talking for him.

He spread his legs a little further and scooted further onto the edge of the chair. He was giving me further access to his backside.

My mouth left his cock and ventured to his balls, and then I licked lower. I put the tip of my tongue against his taint. I toyed with him. I did circles around it.

He started grinding against the chair. He pushed his hips lower, trying to get my tongue to press harder against him.

I gave him a little of what he wanted.

I kissed his taint. Then I flattened my tongue and gave him a hard, firm lick.

His loud groan and "Holy fuck!" told me he enjoyed it.

He went to stroke his cock.

I pushed his hand away.

He gripped onto the arms of the chair tight like he was fighting his urge to okay with himself.

I licked his taint ten more times, and from the way his body was writhing, I knew it was time to go further.

I placed my tongue, stretched out as far as it would go, against him. The tip part licked against his taint while the tip of my tongue dug in between his ass cheeks, getting so fucking close to his hole it put both of us on edge.

His eyes rolled back and he groaned. "Oh my God, Doc."

From the way he acted, I could tell he'd never been eaten out before. I was rock hard knowing I'd be his first.

I licked him like this again and again.

He spread his legs further and pushed his lower half off the chair.

I couldn't tease him like this anymore. When you've got a straight man excited about getting rimmed, you'd better move quickly before he changes his mind.

I grabbed his legs and raised them.

He knew exactly what to do. He grabbed his own legs and lifted them into the air.

His beautiful, tight little asshole stared me right in the face.

"Fuck," I whispered. I wanted to get a fucking picture painted of it. I'd never put my mouth on any man as physically gorgeous as him, and even his asshole was magazine cover worthy.

I licked around his rim.

"Oh my God," he whimpered. His eyes stayed closed. His face winced in pleasure.

I toyed with him, teasing him. I just licked around him for a minute. Warming him up.

He breathed harder and faster.

Then I went in. I put my mouth over his asshole, flattened my tongue and put it right against him.

Fuck it tasted good! He was clean and showered. The only smell and taste coming off of him was the smell of a man. That beautiful fucking scent I was getting high off of.

"Oh fuck!" he whined.

I meant to go slower, but I couldn't stop myself. My tongue wiggled against his hole furiously, and in seconds I slipped it in as far as I could. I could even feel him pucker around like he was about to yank my tongue out of my skull.

"God damn it!" He grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face into his beautiful ass.

I couldn't get enough of it. I licked and sucked and kissed until he was squirming on the couch like he was in heat.

I leaned back for a moment to catch my breath. "Holy shit."

He opened his eyes for that moment. He looked at me with a glazed expression, like he was as high off of this as I was.

"Do you like that?" I asked through heated breath.

He nodded. He grinned. He lifted his legs up higher and presented his wanting asshole. "Oh yeah, Doc. Eat me out."

I smiled and leaned forward.

My mouth went back to work on his ass.

His cock twitched and throbbed, dripping precome onto his body.

He grabbed my head again and shoved my face into his ass. "Oh my God, Doc. Yes. Yes that feels so fucking good!"

His legs started to shake and quiver. His taint seemed twice as swollen. All of the muscles in his body flexed, and his skin was flush in a shade of tanned pink. "That feels amazing!"

I couldn't help but start to grope myself through my pants. My cock was raging hard and begging to be released. My own ass needed a good toying. And I wanted Travis to toy with it.

I wanted to give myself to him. I wanted to let him do whatever he wanted to me use me however he wanted. But I remembered why I had him here. His wife let him fuck her. I wasn't going to be like her. I wasn't just going to let him fuck me. I was going to rock this alpha male's fucking world.

"Yeah, fuck yeah," he kept moaning. "Eat my fucking ass!"

He opened his eyes to watch me. I wanted him to watch me. I wanted to him love what he saw.

After tonguing his ass for another few minutes I leaned up.

"You're fucking amazing," he told me.

I grinned. "Wanna know what your ass tastes like?"

He hesitated, but there was a gleam in his eye because he wanted to try it. I could tell he was overwhelmingly curious now. He wanted to try anything and everything.

When the smile broke across his face I knew that his answer was “yes.”

So I pulled his legs down. I placed myself in between them, grabbed him and pulled him up to me. I put my mouth to his and we made out.

He moaned and heaved as our lips and tongues pressed against one another.

"Fuck," he moaned though our kissing, "fuck, man, this is so, so dirty."

I smiled. "Your ass tastes amazing."

He laughed. "You're fucking crazy, Doc."

I took a deep breath, moaned and slipped my tongue into his mouth.

"I'm fucking crazy about you, Travis."

He started running his hands up and down my body. He grabbed the bottom of my undershirt and lifted it.

I knew I should've kept control of the situation, but I didn't want to stop him.

He tore my shirt off of me and tossed in on the floor.

He grabbed my face and kissed me.

He ran his hands down my back. He raked his fingers into my back. He reached my butt and squeezed me hard and firm.

"Travis," I groaned.

"I want to fuck you so bad," he groaned into my ear. "I want to fuck you hard, Doc."

And I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him inside me right then and there.

But I knew better.

I knew how to take what we were doing and take it to the ultimate level.

I pulled away from him. "No, Travis. Not yet."

FOUR

But I wasn't ready for his reaction.

Instead of letting me go, he grabbed me by the back of my hair and held me still. "Doc, stop it!"

I stayed still, nervous and enthralled with him. He wanted me so badly. My heart pounded. My body was shaking. He looked me in the eyes with a fierce, animalistic desire. I felt at any moment he could take complete control of me. He could pin me down and fuck me hard, and I'd let him.

"I want to fuck you," he growled in my face.

I breathed deep and slow. I knew I had to keep at least a little calm. I pulled away from him and stood up.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You don't want to?"

I could hardly look at his beautiful face without giving into his desire. But I held out. "Of course I want you to fuck me," I told him.

He stood up from the chair. "Then what's the problem? Let me fuck you."

His huge cock stood erect and pointed at me. Fucking beautiful and sexy. I knew he could make me come in seconds if I let him put that in me.

But I held back. I didn't give into the temptation. "This isn't about you fucking me, Travis."

He groaned. He took a step closer to me. He was taller than me, so he towered over me. He could've crushed me if he wanted to. He could've thrown me out in the window with one arm. "Then what is this about, Doc?"

I put my hand on his sweaty chest. I was careful not to aggravate the beast that roared within him. "This is about giving you pleasure in a way you've never had."

He grinned at me. His cock danced before me. He took a step closer. "You've already done that, Doc."

I held my breath. My heart wouldn't stop beating against my chest. My body was aching for him. I wanted him so bad. I wanted to put my hands on his chiseled muscles and take him. I'd never been jealous of a woman before, but for a moment I was sickeningly jealous of his fucking wife. That woman

got to go to bed with this stud every night, and it pissed me off knowing she wasn't treating him the way he deserved.

"I've never felt better," he said with a smile. "And I've never felt more turned on than I am now." He licked his lips. "What do you want me to do, Doc? I'll do anything you want. I'll do whatever it takes if it means I get to go all the way with you."

I squeezed his arms. They were tense and full. Our breath intermingled because we were so close. The room was hot and dark still. But the tension between us, so thick and hot I felt if we fucked we'd burn the entire office down with our bodies.

It was all I could do to hold back from him. He was like a hungry wolf and I was his prey. It was all I could to hold back from the temptation, the temptation to give into this wolf and let him tear me apart.

"Not yet," I told him. "Travis, remember why you're here?"

He groaned. "Do we have to keep talking? Look at me, Doc. My cock is ready to explode. I don't want to talk anymore." He pulled me closer to him, trapping me into a cage of his muscles. "I need to fuck."

"No you don't," I told him in a low, serious voice. "You fuck all the time, Travis. Remember? That's what you told me. You and your wife fuck all the time, and that's not enough for you."

He breathed heavy, staring intensely into my eyes.

I felt ready to collapse. His stare of lust and desire was that powerful.

"Then what's going to be enough for me, Doc?" he growled.

I took another deep breath. "Sit back down, and I'll show you."

He hesitated. I could see the reluctance across his face. His furrowed eyebrows. His pursed lips. His flares nostrils. He felt too aroused to sit back down.

But he knew I wouldn't give in.

I'd hold out until he did what I knew needed to be done.

"Alright," he sighed. "Fine, Doc."

He let go of me and took slow steps back to the chair. "But you should know, I'm going to pound the hell out of you when I get the chance."

I bit my lip, smiling back at him.

There was a sexy fucking smirk across his face as he sat back down in the leather chair. "Are you going to blindfold me again?"

I started taking off my shoes. "Not this time. This time, you need to see everything."

He smiled. "Good, I can't wait."

I slipped off my shoes and socks. I started undoing my belt.

Travis squirmed in the leather chair while watching me. He kept his hands away from his twitching manhood by gripping the arms of the chair again.

With how much tension he put onto those chair arms I wasn't going to be surprised if they were ruined by the end of our session.

I slipped off my belt.

His eyes wandered over it. "Are you going to let me spank you with that?"

I grinned. My imagination started getting away with me. Spanking me with my own belt? Now that would fucking hot. But... "Not today, buddy."

He grinned. "Too bad. I'd love to leave a few marks on you."

I dropped my belt to the floor. I walked forward. I was going to do something for him that I knew his wife never had. Give him a show. It's what I did with all the guys. Give them a strip tease, show them my ass before I gave them more oral to finish them off. I never fucked them, but now, with Travis, I was going to break my rule. First, I'd give him a show.

I turned around while undoing my pants button and zipper.

"Gonna show me your ass, Doc?" he asked.

I turned my head to him and smiled. "Just might."

He couldn't stop himself. He leaned forward and slipped his strong fingers into the waistline of my pants. He tugged at them. A violent jerk that almost made me fall back into his lap.

"Don't tease me like this, man," he growled. "I don't think I can handle it."

I breathed shallow and fast. My whole body was on fire with him pulling me like this. I wasn't ready for it. No man had ever grabbed me like that or wanted me this bad. I was addicted to his lust.

I put my hands on his. They were warm and firm. A working man's hands. Rough and beautiful like the rest of him.

"Let me take these off of you," he said. "At least give me that much, Doc. Please. Before I have to rip them off you."

I took a deep breath, unknowingly squeezing his hands. "I want you to show me how badly you want them off, Travis. Don't just yank them off to fuck me." My eyes closed. "Show me."

He didn't respond at first. He was confused by my request. In all the times he and his wife had sex, it'd been a process. Just a sequence of taking off clothes and inserting genitals.

But now, I would force Travis to put passion into his sex.

After another few moments, he slid forward to the edge of the seat.

His fingers stayed in the waistline of my pants. He tugged at them gently. He ran them back and forth, feeling my skin against the back of his fingers.

My eyes rolled back. I leaned my head back. I felt like I was losing control of the situation and I couldn't stop it. Every other time I'd helped a married man like this, it'd been over by now and I'd move on.

But not with Travis.

It felt less like I was his therapist now, and more like I was a man he'd taken home from the bar.

And just when I was about to tell him what to do next, when I was about to tell him to slowly pull down my pants instead of yank them off, he surprised the hell out of me.

I felt his lips on my lower back. He kissed me, firm and gentle. He kissed me while his hands left the waistline and started to feel and explore the rest of my sides and stomach.

"Oh God," I whispered.

He kissed me back. His hands ran around my sides and grazed over my stomach. He wrapped his arm around me and pulled me back towards him.

I didn't fight him this time. I took a step back.

He put his hands on my sides and pulled me down.

I sat down into his lap.

His arms wrapped around me like a python, strong and protective.

He leaned me back against his body.

"Fuck," I whimpered.

I could feel his rock hard cock against me. I started squirming, grinding against him.

I heard him moan as my backside rubbed his manhood.

He kissed my neck, licked my neck and then gently bit my neck. He was claiming me, making me his.

"Fuck," I whimpered again.

My hands started running over his body. I grabbed his forearms and rubbed his legs. I reached behind me and ran my fingers through the back of his hair.

He squeezed my chest and hips.

Then his right hand explored in between my legs. He rubbed my inner thighs and found his way to my erection. He found my shaft and squeezed it.

"Fuck," I said aloud.

"Yeah," he growled. "You wanna fuck me, too. I can feel it."

He was right. I started writhing against his body.

We were both rock hard and ready to go.

Just fuck him, I thought. Just let it all go and fuck his brains out. Stop being his therapist!

He slid his hands into the sides of my pants and pulled them down.

Maybe I should've made him wait a bit longer, but I couldn't fucking help it. I wanted these clothes off as bad as he wanted them off.

I raised my hips and let him slide my pants down. I kicked them off onto the floor. Now all that was left on me was a pair of sheer underwear, small and constricting.

Travis wasn't shy about grabbing my bulge while he whispered into my ear. "Feels like you need these off, Doc. Are you going to make wait for that, too?"

Yes, I thought. Tell him yes! Make him wait! Don't give into him!

But I didn't stop him.

He slipped his hand into my underwear and felt my trimmed pubic hair. He grabbed my cock. He ran his hand over my balls and taint.

"You're smooth," he groaned. "That's fucking sexy."

His fingers found their way to my ass, wiggling their way until he was so close to my hole I was groaning and writhing for him to reach it.

But I suddenly put my hand on his forearm and stopped him from reaching it. "Travis..."

"Don't tell me to stop now, Doc," he said. He kept his one hand down my underwear while wrapping his other around my throat in a gentle grip. His hand was so large that it covered my neck. "I can feel you want your little pussy played with."

"Fuck," I moaned. My eyes closed again. I couldn't fight this. I couldn't fight him.

"Let me play with it," he growled into my ear.

He pulled his hand out of my underwear and to his mouth. His sucked on his middle finger, and then he put his hand back into my under and down to my ass.

Now that his finger was wet, it slid easily in between my cheeks.

"You're smooth down here, too," he said. He groaned and squeezed my throat a little. "You're so fucking hot."

"Travis," I said. I was planning on stopping him, but I'd stopped trying.

He found my hole, groaned and pressed his finger a little ways inside me. "Yeah, Doc. Fuck, that's hot and tight."

"Oh God," I whimpered. He was making me soak my underwear in precome.

He did circles with his finger. He kissed and bit my shoulder.

I started doing circles against his cock by wiggling my hips.

"Yeah," he groaned. "Fuck yeah."

He slipped both hands into my underwear and pulled them down. To my surprise, he did this slow and in control. And he kissed my neck while he did it.

He slid my underwear off, and my cock sprang out.

I kicked my underwear aside with my pants.

And finally, after all the waiting and teasing, Travis and I were naked with one another.

I could feel his bare, hard dick right against me.

He groaned and moaned with pleasure while my naked body rubbed on top of him.

He reached in between my legs and spread them around him.

He licked two fingers and found my asshole.

"Fuck," I groaned.

He slid them into me and slowly started to finger me. I opened up easy for him. I wanted him so bad he could've jammed his cock into me that very second and I'd forget about any pain it'd cause me.

I moved my hand to my rod and started to stroke myself.

But he took my hand away. "You wouldn't let me stroke my cock," he ordered. "So now you can't stroke yours."

I grinned. I reached behind his head and tugged on his hair. I grinded against him. "You fucking bastard!" I was frustrated and angry and aroused all at once. He filled me with this hungry desire and this rage at the same time. "You fucking bastard!"

"Yeah that's right," he growled. He pulled my arm behind my back. His other hand stayed in between my legs. He pushed three fingers into me and smiled with a gleam in his eyes as my mouth opened and eyes rolled back with a wave of fucking hot pleasure. "I'm a fucking bastard, and I'm your fucking bastard, Doc."

"Oh my God," I cried aloud.

"Fuck, you're hot," he growled. "And you're tight, Doc. Come on. Open up for me. Open up for my cock."

His fingers went in deeper. Stretching me. Making my body writhe in pleasure. Precome dripped from my prick and onto the office floor. He had me harder than I'd ever been in my life.

He pulled his fingers out slowly.

I opened my eyes.

I turned my face and watched him smell and lick his fingers. He grinned at me. "Mmm, Doc. Your ass is a fucking treat."

I smiled back at him. Then without thinking, I grabbed his face and kissed him. "You're a dirty bastard, Travis."

He slipped his tongue into my mouth. He bit my lip and tugged on it. He squeezed my chest and pinched my nipple hard and fierce.

He licked his fingers, soaking them. Then he put them back in between my legs and got my asshole wet and wanting him.

When he felt I was soaked enough, he pulled me back until his cock stood erect just beneath my butt.

I looked down at that thick, huge dick of his. My asshole puckered. I was more than ready for that cock!

He lined his head up with my hole, and then he lowered me onto it.

I closed my eyes. I felt his cock work its way to my hole. Then I felt it go inside my wet hole slowly. It stretched me open, and when the head was inside he stopped to let me get used to his size.

"Fuck," he moaned. He bit my shoulder. "God damn it, that's tight, Doc. That's fucking great!"

I breathed heavy and fast. My chest rose and fell. My stomach rose and fell. My asshole squeezed with delight around the head of his throbbing, wet hot cock.

It was the best sensation I'd ever felt, and I instantly wanted, needed more of it.

He held onto my hips.

I lowered myself further onto his dick.

He thrust upward a little, jabbing it inside me.

It was painful, but I relaxed after only a few seconds and was ready to take it all the way.

"Holy fuck!" I whimpered. My body quivered.

He squeezed me so hard it felt like he was going to bruise on my sides. He sunk his teeth into my shoulder. He pushed his cock further inside.

He filled me, as much as I could take. Fucking stretching me to my limits. His cock was halfway in. I could feel it against my prostate. My

asshole was devouring it like it had its own hunger. My cock was so engorged it hurt and felt ready to shoot at the slightest touch.

"You feel so fucking good," Travis groaned.

"Oh my God," I whimpered. I couldn't think straight enough to form a complete sentence.

He pulled out a little bit.

And then he pushed himself back inside. He went deeper this time.

The sensation of him pulling out and then filling me up again made my balls rise up towards my body. I could feel myself getting close. Achingly close to orgasm. I knew if I so much as flicked my cock I would shoot.

"Yeah, Doc. Take my dick!" He thrust himself up into me, going all the way in.

It was so fucking deep I felt him in my stomach. He rubbed right against my prostate, sending a wave of pleasure through my body that was so intense I stopped breathing.

"Fuck!" I cried out.

"Yeah!" he responded. He was high on the thrill of it, high from putting his manhood inside my tight little body.

My fingers clawed into his arms. "Fuck, Travis. Stop! You're gonna make me come. You're gonna make me fucking come!"

He wouldn't stop. He started thrusting in and out of me. Bucking up into me. Fucking me deep and hard.

"God damn it!" I cried out.

I couldn't think anymore. All I could feel was the crushing sensation of his cock pounding my brains out. He was fucking me senseless.

I couldn't take it anymore.

I tried to hold back my orgasm. But I couldn't. He was doing me too fucking good to hold back now.

"Fuck!" I screamed.

I didn't even touch myself.

"Oh my God!" I held as still as I could while my body tensed up. My hole squeezed around his shaft like it was clutching onto it for dear life. My

entire body shook and trembled. My groin pulsed violently. My taint throbbed and my lower stomach felt like the gods themselves were pouring magic through me.

I looked down to see a small spurt of come shoot out of my cock as my orgasm started. Then I held onto him for dear life as he fucked me through the rest of my orgasm. My cock pulsed and throbbed, shooting strings of hot come straight into the air that splattered on my desk and onto the floor.

I'd never shot come so far.

He kept fucking me.

I kept spraying down my office and squealing in ecstasy.

"Fuck yes!" he roared with pleasure. He could feel the way my hole squeezed him. It was tighter, hotter!

After thirty seconds I stopped coming. And I couldn't take anymore relentless pounding.

I leaned back against him and forced him to stop. "Travis, no more! No more. I can't fucking take it."

He stopped humping, but he wasn't done. His cock throbbed inside me and begged for release. He growled into my ear and bit it. He wrapped his arms around my body, feeling and massaging me.

"You're so fucking hot," he whispered hoarsely. "I wanna shoot inside you."

Fuck, I thought. No, I shouldn't let him. That's where I should've drew the line and stopped him. I never even fucked my patients. Not like I had with Travis. And if I did I'd make them use rubbers. But Travis's cock was bare inside me. Fuck, I thought again. Don't let him do it. Don't let him shoot a hot fucking load of come inside you with that big beautiful cock!

But I wanted it. I wanted to take his seed inside me. I wanted to be filled with his hot juices.

And so, biting my lip, I ignored my better judgment. "Okay."

"Yes, baby, yes!" he moaned. Then he started to thrust into me.

Baby, I thought. Holy fuck, if he keeps talking like that I'm going to come again!

I leaned against him, using my body to pin him down. "No, Travis. Let me ride you until you come."

He breathed heavy. "Yes sir."

Our bodies were sweaty, naked and gliding against one another.

I started moving back and forth, riding his cock up and down. My asshole was soaked in sweat and his precome. His cock throbbed and pulsed.

"Fuck," he moaned into my ear. "Oh fuck yeah."

I reached behind me and held his face against the back of my shoulder. My body tingled. I was fucking high on him. No pain. Just pleasure coursing through every inch of me. "Yes, Travis. God, fuck I love your cock inside me."

"Ride me, man," he moaned. He held onto my hips.

He held onto my hips while I rocked his fucking world.

"Yes," he moaned. "Fuck, you're gonna make come."

I took him all the way inside me. I rode him faster. Wilder. I was a mad man. I even reached below and rubbed his balls for him. And I felt the bottom of his cock just before it went inside me. Fucking amazing!

"I'm gonna come, man!" he whined. He bit into my shoulder.

"Yeah," I cried. "Fucking come into me. Fill me up!"

He started moving my body with his hands. He made me ride him. His cock rattled around inside me, keeping me rock hard and in a constant state of feeling like I was about to come.

"Yeah, buddy," he growled. "I'm gonna fucking come!"

I grabbed onto his arms. I wiggled against him, dancing on him while he was inside me.

His cock started to throb. His balls were tight. He was ready.

"Fuck!"

He held me down in his lap while his cock pulsed violently inside me.

I felt it.

I felt him shoot bucket loads of come inside me.

He wrapped one arm around my chest. He wrapped one hand around my throat and squeezed.

"Fuck!" he roared.

Holy shit! I didn't even care if he choked me till I blacked out. It was the hardest fucking orgasm I'd ever seen... or felt, and it happened right inside me.

He couldn't stay still. He held be my chest and throat as he started thrusting. He thrust while his cock kept flooding me with his come.

I was helpless against his power and I didn't care. I let him fuck me all he wanted until he was satisfied.

After a minute he slowed down. He loosened his grip on my neck. He rubbed his hands over my torso.

His cock throbbed inside me, but was he finally done coming.

After another few minutes he stayed still.

I lay limp against him. I ran my fingers through the back of his hair while he rubbed my chest.

He kissed my neck and shoulder. He rubbed my cock and taint.

"Don't take your cock out yet," I said. "It feels too good inside me."

He grinned. "Don't worry, Doc. I'll keep it inside you as long as you let me."

We stayed there with one another. We were naked and sweaty, panting, exhausted and high off one another.

"Doc," Travis said. "That was the best sex I've ever had."

I stared forward with mixed emotions. I ran my hand over the cheek of his face. "Me too," I answered honestly.

What have I done, I thought. I let him take control. That wasn't supposed to happen.

I've never lost control of a patient before, but I did with Travis. What had he done to me, besides gave me the best fucking orgasm I'd ever had.

I could feel it, that things were never going to be the same for me as long as he was a patient of mine. And even if he wasn't, things wouldn't be the same. We had changed each other forever. No going back now.

"Fuck," I whispered. I could still feel his hard cock inside me. I knew I'd have to get off his lap before he wanted to fuck me again. Because I would definitely let him if he tried.

"You okay?" he asked. "Doc, are you alright?"

What did I let this guy, this unbelievably hot guy, do to me?

No, I thought. I'm not alright. I'm fucked.

I thought I would never see Travis again, but I didn’t know just how hot, how dangerous our relationship was going to become.